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THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE-DOWN;

OR, THE

FOLLY of MAN:

EXEMPLIFIED

In Twelve comical Relations

UPON

Uncommon SUBJECTS.

Illustrated with TWELVE curious CUTS,
Truly adapted to each Story.

Printed and Sold in London.

THE WORLD turned Upside-Down

PHILOSOPHERS of Old will tell us,
As Tycho, and such merry fellows,
That round this habitable ball
The beamy sun did yearly fall;
No wonder then the world is torn
By chance of place Turn'd Upside-down;
If revolutions strange appear
With in the compass of the sphere:
If men and things succession know,
And no dependance reigns below;
Since 'tis allow'd the world we dwell in
Is always round the sun a sailing;
Experience to our knowledge brings:
That times may change as well as things,

And art than nature wiſer grown,
Turns every object upſide down,
Whim's epidemic takes her riſe,
And conſtancy's become a vice.
He that to do is fortunate,
The darling minions of his fate!
To-morrow feels his fate's diſpleaſure,
Spoil'd his hoarded idol treaſure!
And like this man, his emblem ſhows.
A ſudden revolution knows.
His fortune grows profounded ſcurvy
Turns the poor earth-worms topſy-turvy.
Becomes the tennis ball of fools,
Things form'd quite out of nature's rules,
Such as you ſee Atlas bear
Upon their backs this mighty ſphere.
The young, the old, the middle aged,
Are all in this great taſk engaged;
And ſtrive with wond'rous eagerneſs,
Which all the greateſt part poſſeſs.
Since folly then has got the aſcendant,
He's moſt a fool that han't a hand in't;
And as the mad-brain'd world runs round,
Still keep towards the riſing ground.

The OX turned FARMER.

IN Days of yore, ere lordly man
The empire of the world began;
A ſturdy Ox of good repute,
For ſuch a ruſtic horned brute,
Kept a large Farm, and grazed his own,
As all his anceſtors had done:
Horſes he kept for pad and cart,
With which he kept each neighbouring mart,
Swine, Turkies, Geeſe, and all that crew,
Which in rich farm yards we view:
And what was ſtrange, this Ox maintain'd,
Two luſty ſtriplands he had trained,
Up from their infancy to draw
In hempen geer the weighty plow.
One day this Ox, like carely Hind,
Gets up betimes his farm to mind;
Yokes his two louts, and out he goes
To plow his land, as I ſuppoſe,
The ſtriplings tired, reſent his blows,
And with whole peals of ratling oaths,

Accuſe the Ox of cruelty.
For that the ground ſeems hard and dry,
The plough too was of ſuch a weight,
As for their ſtrength was far too great,
Yet be expected them to draw,
As if it had been a lighter plough,
Which was impoſſible, nor would they
Be harraſs'd ſo from day to day:
The Ox deliberately wiſe,
Thus to the ruſtics 'plaint replies,
Hark ye, quoth he, you now complain,
Ungrateful Caitiffs, but in vain,
Do not I feed and cloath you well?
And would you gracelesly rebel?
If ſo humble your high mind,
I'll take good care: you ſoon ſhall find,
With peaſe ſtraw, whiſp, and barley pottage,
I'll cure you preſently of your dotage,
Remember, Sirs, the other day,
When Human Nature bore the ſway,
No mercy to my brothers you
At any time would kindly ſhew,
But ſome ye beat and ſome ye ſlew;
Nay, I myſelf the marks do bear
Of humap rage, inhumanly ſevere.
Then till mankind more mild will be,
And uſe to us leſs cruelty,
Expect no mercy at my hand;
So hoit-ge-ho, come plough my land.

The OLD SOLDIER turned NURSIE.

DELBO, a ſoldier old and brave,
When drawing on towards the grave,
began to think of peaceful wars,
Such as we call domeſtick Jars;
To leave the wretched trade of roving,
And tho' grown old, now thinks of loving;
Virago Sue! the Sultan's daughter,
Had made his wrinkled chaps to water:
Have her he would he ſwore like thunder,
For that he lov'd her more than wonder,
Yet matchleſs Sue was more than all,
The very idol of his ſoul!
She ſome months before had been,
With a jolly blade a frolicking,
Fonnd it convenient to be wed!
Before ſhe ſhould be brought to-bed!
And who ſo fit as Delbo was,
To make the matrimonial aſs.
To ſhorten then the comic ſtory,
To Delbo's everlaſting Glory,

Marry'd they were, and for a while
Hymen appear'd to wear a ſmile:
My dear, my love, was all their Greeting,
He was her Dilly, ſhe his Sweeting;
'Till Time, that wonder working thing,
Did to his joys a period bring,
In the fifth month, as 'tis related,
(For who can ſtand 'gainſt what is fated)
Frolickſome Sue began to cry,
The The midwife came, when preſently
A babe into the world ſhe brought,
As like old Delbo to a thought,
As ever hawk was like a hand-ſaw,
Or horned bull a harmleſs genza.
He pleas'd to ſee his copy'd ſelf,
Wept for great joy o'er the young elf:
Dandles the bable up and down,
As if it had really been his own.
Sue's month being up, warm weather come,
She leaves her horned fool at home,
To nurſe the brat and rock the cradle,
And mind that Dolly's pap was made well,
A diſtaff in his hand ſhe places,
Herſelf with ſword and gun ſhe graces,
Threatens his head if he deny
To take care of his family;
Then roves about t[illegible] meet her b[illegible]lly,
And laughs at the uxorious cully.

The Reward of Roguery, or the Roasted Cook.

ONCE on a time, ſome while ago,
Perhaps a thouſand years or ſo,
A cook there dwelt, of greaſy hue,
As e'er was offered to our view,
In Pudding Street, near Mutton Lane,
Who was a very Knave in Grain;
He every Sunday after ſervice,
With his 'prentice honeſt Jarvis,
Would take a walk for conſcience ſake,
And drink a mug, and eat a cake;
And when 'twas darkiſh, walking home
From Tottenham Court to Marybone,
As paſſing by ſome farmer's yard,
With Tray the Spaniel for his Guard,
Set the officious Cur to bring
A fowl, or duck, or ſome ſuch thing;
Wiſely forecaſting by that means,
Like Thrifty to encreaſe his gains,
Thus many years the Cook went on,
Grew rich as many more have done,

Till one day rambling out too far,
To an old house to steal some cheer,
Tray left at home, he went alone,
Like a Welch saint for the marrow bone;
Oft he before had took from thence,
Tame Rabbits, Turkie, Geese, and Hens,
But now they being on their Guard,
Soon as he came into the yard,
Rush from their secret ambuscade
In a full body on the blade;
Soon take him prisoner, and declare,
That he must die by right of war.
Accordingly the Turkey makes
A rousing fire of rotten stakes;
The rabbit reaches down the spit,
For Rump of beef at Christmas fit,
And now like prey of mighty size,
Our honest cook a roasting lies.
The active Cock to shew his zeal,
Amidst his country's common weal,
Takes the brass ladle quickly down,
And bastes the meat as it runs round,
Some mind the Jack, the fire some mend,
Whilst others to the meat attend,
Till their roast being almost done,
Away the cooks were forced to run;
So strong a scent his fat did send,
They swore the devil should it end.

The DUEL of the PALFRIES.

FAR North, in the Atlantic ſeas,
A ſpacious fertile iſle there is.
Some call it one name, ſome another,
And ſome hiſtorians make a pother,
Liv'd two horſes of charming features,
Courted a maiden Filly Foal,
Who lov'd them both, poor ſilly ſoul!
And like a Covent Garden Madam,
With two Frail ſons of ſinful Adam,
Would each by turns their fav'rite make,
One was a Beau, t'other a Rake.
By chance one day theſe lovers came,
To ſee this young ququetiſh dame,
The beau look'd big, and curl'd his main,
And cock'd his ſtreaming tail amain,
The rake unmindful of his rival,
Took the young Filly by the bridle,
And with love and beauty warm'd,
Would fain her citadel have ſtorm'd;

This fight the other could not bear,
But now began to ſweat and ſwear,
At laſt their fury being high,
It was reſolv'd that one ſhould die.
In ſingle combat twas agreed,
One of the two ſhould ſurely bleed,
The place appointed and the hour:
Next morning at the hour of four:
Accordingly the time being come,
Each mounted on a ſturdy groom.
Enter'd in the liſt with lance in hand,
and ſtronlgy at each other ran.
With furious rage they paſs and parry,
'Till with the combat being weary,
Like two young fools agree,
That Filly ſhall in Common be:
Then put their weapons up again,
And on their Grooms ſcour o'er the plain
As if they'd each their rival ſlain.

The Mad SQUIRE;

DOWN in the country, far from town,
A Squire there liv'd of high renown,
Who often would a hunting go,
To kill buck, fox, or fearful doe:
While his poor lady try'd in vain,
His heart from this ſad ſports to gain,
That in morning, as ſoon as day,
Took from her arms her ſpouſe away.
A thouſand ways ſhe ſtrove to win him,
But ſtill as if the devil was in him,
Soon as the morning came he roſe,
And as he us'd to ſporting goes.
Sounds his ſhrill horn, the wood reſounds,
The charming muſick of his hounds.
Farewell, my dear, again he cry'd,
After my ſport I muſt go ride.
Thus ſlighted long, his wife at laſt
Reſolves no more her hours to waſte.
Soon as her Lord was gone from home,
Admits a lacquey in his room,

Lufty and ſtrong, for pleaſure made,
A tender, loving, amorous blade.
One morning after dalliance paſs'd,
Faſt in each other's armes embrac'd,
Thoſe lovers lay, when from the Game
The Squire to his lady came.
Some ſay he had an intimation
Of his wife's love for propagation,
And that his youngeſt ſon nam'd Jackey,
Was but the offspring of his lackquey.
Enraged to find the matter true,
What does he in his paſſion do,
But ſtabs them both as in the bed
They thus were amorouſly laid.
His reaſon loſt, he raving flies.
And fills the vallies with his cries;
O'er hills and dales with fury rides,
Sometimes, the rapid ſtream divides;
Fancies the timorous hare he ſees,
Skimming the Surface of the ſeas;
Sometimes he'd for his angel cry,
To catch the fiſh which ſeems to fly
Floating in air, as his weak brain
To his ſick fancy paints in vain.
Thus wild his wretched days he ſpends,
Till death his life and madneſs ends.

The OX turned BUTCHER.

THE ſelf-ſame Ox you know,
Who kept two lads two draw the plow,
And in the ſecond chapter I
Have brieſly ſung harmonioufly.
One day to market went to buy
A joint called calves head fry;
Not ſuch calves as do on four legs go,
But that two-legged calf a beau,
One he eſpies lying on the ſhamble,
Which without any more preamble,
He boldly ſeized it for his own,
And lays the Butcher two pence down.
"H old, Goodman Ox, the Butcher cries,
I can't afford it at the price."
How! ſays the Ox, you ſon of a whore,
Was ever head of a beau worth more?
But ſays the Butcher on my life,
The Turkey merchant's handſome wife,
That came from the other end of the town;
And now, is ready to lie down,

Beſpoke it t'other day to ſave
Her longing, and the head ſhe'll have.
The ſturdy Ox in ſurly mood,
Thinking the Butcher ſomewhat rude,
Reply'd, E'en let her take it then,
The horns and all for her good man;
But doſt thou think ill-natured ſinner,
That I'll be chous'd thus out of my dinner,
A head I'll have, a calve's head too,
And thou thy ſaucy tongue ſhalt rue.
No ſooner had he ſpoke his mind,
But ſeizing the poor wretch behind,
With hempen cord he bound his legs,
And hung his heel upon two pegs,
Himſelf in linen apron clad,
As if he had been a butcher bred;
Cleaver at hand, and Re l at ſide,
The butcher's place he ſoon ſupply'd,
And as muſty records tell,
Perform'd his buſineſs very well;
Flead him, and then cut up the carcaſe,
(Tho', faith the butcher had a hard caſe)
Chuſes his pieces, and at home,
Laugh'd in his ſleeve at what he'd done.

GALLANTRY-A-LA-MODE; or, the LOVERS catched by the COCK.

JENNY, the noted toaſt of the Town,
The wedlock pill had ſwallowed down;
Marry'd by force againſt her will,
A miſer's wither'd arms to fill,
Her blooming age was juſt fifteen,
Her temper amorous, gay, and vain,
Her perſon beautiful, her wit
For rappartee a billet fit.
Thus furniſhed out for love's gay joys,
She her old dotard muſt deſpiſe;
A gay young lover ſhe muſt get,
Who for her years and temper's fit
Clody, a raſh rakiſh young fellow,
Always in love or always mellow,
With ſword and peruke, ſnuff box and cane,
And all the rigging of the vain:
Equipt like playhouſe ninny,
Makes his addreſs to Madam Jenny.

She with a bluſh of mighty joy,
Conſents to hear the amorous boy,
Helps him to rail againſt old age,
In broken couplets from the ſtage,
And ſoon as this ſuit could move,
The wanton ſlut pronounc'd I love.
What follows after ſuch confeſſion,
Judge ye who are of that profeſſion,
In ſhort I heard it by the bye,
Jenny and Clody tried the joy,
Which all young women do delight in,
So ſurely muſt be muſt be moſt inviting.
A faithful Cock, who then
Could act and ſpeak as well as men,
Gave notice to the hopeleſs miſer,
That, if he would, he might ſurpriſe her.
With eaſy jealouſy he flew,
Where all his ſhame and grief he knew:
He ſaw dear Jenny and her ſpark,
I think it was ſome lawyer's clerk.
The Cock who brought them there to be
Revenged at once upon all three,
For that the very other day,
They took his favourit Hen away,
To boil with bacon at a feaſt,
Now pays them for their Jeſt.
Spreading a net, by them unſeen,
He took the thoughtleſs lovers in:
Shewing the weakneſs of mankind.
To all the winged feather'd kind,

The Honeſt ASS and MILLER.

A Thriſty Miller on my ſoul,
As ever liv'd by taking toll,
Whoſe honeſt heart was ſo preciſe,
It ne'er would let him take it twice;
Yet a bowl of mighty ſize.
Hold more at once than others twice,
Did keep, w ich by his prentice boy,
He ſtill would chuſe to occupy,
That ſo he ſafely might proteſt,
He in the midſt of ſordid gain,
Preſerve his ſoul without a ſtain.
Thus many years he paſt away,
His bags grew full, his noddle grey:
'Till as one morning he went down,
To carry meal to the next town,
But tumbled down her burthen there.

Quoth ſhe, Old fellow, to her maſter,
(He was as mute as alabaſter)
Know that theſe many years I've been
Spectator of thy unjuſt gain,
And fear I have been adding to
Thy taking what was not thy due;
Which ſcruples make me now declare,
That I no more thy whip will bear.
But ſince the World's turn'd Upſide Down,
I'll make the carry to the town
The meal thyſelf. With that he laid
The burden on the antient blade,
And whip'd him thro' thick and thin,
The foul reward for fouler ſin.

The HORSE turned GROOM.

HISTORIANS amongſt act of valour,
Record Hippon, a Grecian taylor,
Who by the Witches magick force,
Was metamorphoſed to a horſe;

But art oblig'd to get his bread,
And follow a laborious trade;
Records I think do ſomething err,
Or elſe he was a Farrier.
In a country town a ſhop he took,
Which towards the common road did look,
That paſſengers as coming by
If they had work, might him employ;
Another horſe too he did train
To be at length his Journeyman.
Thus years they followed this vocation,
And liv'd in topping reputation
One day it happened, there came by
A human farrier very ſly;
Who aſked his brother of the trade
If aſſes ſhoes were by him made?
Yea, quoth the horſe, and quickly you,
For all your haſte ſhall find it true.
Put him in the ſtocks, quoth he, while I,
My buſineſs in the forge do ply.
And if he kicks and vicious grows,
Put the great Barnacles on his noſe.
The ſervant horſe obey'd the maſter,
To the poor fellows ſad diſaſter;
For Hippon having made a ſhoe
Red Hot would try if it would do,
To his bare foot did it apply:
While Hippon laughing thus did ſay,
This, Goodman Farrier, is the way
As we ſhoe aſſes every day.
When thus with ſteel he arm'd his feet,
The ſmith to make the jeſt compleat,
Ordered his journey horſe to lead
The farrier to a ſtall with ſpeed,
And there in truth (which was the caſe)
With comb and bruſh did dreſs his carcaſe
In vain a thouſand things reply'd;

The farrier's horſe inexorable,
Dragg'd him by force into the ſtable;
They ty'd the catiff to the rack,
And curried well his paſſive back,
Took full revenge for all the wrongs,
And ſuch like inſtruments of pain,
With which he'd oft us'd againſt the grain,
Till tir'd with currying the blade,
The maſter horſe thus wiſely ſaid;
Go tyrant man, and learn from this,
Never to uſe your power amiſs.
But ſince to you indulgent heaven
Has a ſuperior reaſon given,
Like that, to every rank and ſtation,
Of nature, ſhew a wiſe compaſſion,
Becoming Lords of the creation.

The Water Wonder; Or, Fiſhes Lords of the Creation.

IN Goodman Ovid's ſmart relations
We read of monſtrous propogations;
That birds no more flock'd in the air,
But fiſhes then reſorted there;
The pike, the Jack, the trout, the cod,
And what was ſtill extremely odd,
Watching o'er ruin'd towns, they'd try
To catch at men as they ſwam by;
High elms, whoſe tops were loft in air,
Did ſalmons then and herrings bear:
Oaks harbour'd ſturgeon and caveer;
A whiting did an eagle ſpy
Under the water's ſurface fly.
Who mounted up above the brim,
To take a little freſh air in,
Not having much been us'd to ſwim.

The whiting watched the eagle's motion,
And diving down 'into the ocean,
Made death the panting eagle's portion,
There you might see an eel mount higher
Above the world than Grantham spire,
Lambs hunt fierce lions in the sea.
All things are contrariety.

SUN, MOON, STARS, and EARTH transposed.

FURTHER to prove the world is mad,
Or topsy-turvy. that's as bad,
One day as I walked abroad,
I chanc'd to stray into a wood.
I met a woman old and lean,
As ever pictur'd hag was seen.
Accordingly I ask'd the creature,
When this bad world it would grow better?
Alas, alas! the witch did cry,
Why do'st thou tempt me, mortal, why;
This wicked world will never mend
Till it approaches towards its end.

First ſhall it neglect its ſphere,
And on the ſolid earth appear;
The moon too ſhall defeat the night,
And in the open day give light.
From mountain tops, where ſhe ſhall be
Fix'd like a tow'ring cedar tree:
The ſtars like little fairies ſhall
Around her Orb lead up a ball.
And like thoſe creatures in a ring,
Shall in full chorus dance and ſing.
Cities and towns ſhall then appear
With tow'ring caſtles in the air.
Trees, hedges, gardens ſhall ariſe,
And bloom and flouriſh in the ſkies.
When theſe things their beginning take,
When all mankind their crimes forſake;
Wiſdom ſhall ſtand in folly's place,
And the wiſe Fox ſucceed the Aſs,
As theſe things can never be,
world and folly will agree,
I fear to long eternity.

FINIS.

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